The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

"Shall I Ever Grow Old?"

With words like these the little child,
With wondering eyes, so blue and mild,
Pressed close to her mother's knee,
Pensive and sad awhile to see
An aged woman, wrinkled, gray,
That passed so feebly on her way.

"We cannot tell," the mother said,
Smoothing the locks on the bright head.
"God only knows how long the way,
'Tis he who gives and takes away;
The faded brow, the silver hair,
My love, may be made very fair."

The child gazed in her mother's face,
Which shone with every tender grace,
With noble days, and love and truth,
The essence of eternal youth,
And half she knew the lesson told
How some we know do ne'er grow old.

Not all the gods love best die young,
The tender theme of many a tongue;
The child, like manhood's years, we praise
When were cut short its tender days.
A few through life's rough pathway tread
Who blessings all around them shed.

Martha Remick.

The Babie.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockings on her feet,
Her supple ankles white as snaw
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;
Her puckered lip and baumy mou',
With nae ane tooth between.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liguid things;
Her face is like an angel's face —
We're glad she has nae wings.

Hugh Miller.

For the Myrtle.

About the Sermon.

"MOTHER," said Willie Dean, as soon as he had reached home after the morning service, "I know where the text was."

"Yes, dear," said his mother, "I thought you would remember it."

"Why?" asked Willie.

"Because you listened attentively to what was said," replied Mrs. Dean, "that is the way to understand what you hear; and a thing once well understood is not easily forgotten."

"I remember something," said little Katie. "The minister said 'be kind,' he said it many times."

"So he did, my daughter," said Mrs. Dean, "you have a good motto for next week and *every* week, in those two little words, 'be kind' haven't you, dear?"

"Yes, mamma, one easy to remember," said Katie.

"I want my children always to be kind to everybody and everything," continued Mrs. Dean. "But here is my Bible; now Willie, where shall I find the text?"

"Ephesians, fourth chapter and thirty-second verse," answered he, promptly.

"How did you remember it?" asked Mrs. Dean.

"I kept saying it over and over to myself, until I was sure I had learned it," replied Willie.

"You may read the verse aloud," said his mother.

Taking the Bible, he read these words: "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

"The minister said something about an angel," said Katie.

"I remember," said Willie. "He said we should learn that verse *very thoroughly*, before a week had passed, if it could be, that an angel should repeat it to us every time we were unkind."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean, "he said the angel would say it, not only when we spoke unkindly, but when we *thought* or *acted* unkinkly towards any one."

"I think it must be hard not to *think* unkindly of any one, *sometimes*," said Willie. "I didn't say a word to Billy Jones when he pushed my new cap into the mud, but I thought he was a mean boy to do it."

"But you might have thought how Billy's mother is dead, and his father a miserable drunkard, and how he has no one to teach him any better, and so felt more of pity than unkindness for him," said his mother.

"I might if I had been as good as you are, mother," said Willie, "but it's hard work!"

"He that ruleth his own spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city," said Mrs. Dean. "We must *persevere*, to accomplish anything truly praiseworthy, my son. Do you recollect anything about a sullen face, Willie?" continued his mother.

"Yes ma'am," replied he, blushing and looking quite ashamed, "he said it was not kind to look sullen."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean, "the minister said "a sullen face is an abiding unkindness."

"It seemed as if he was saying that just for me," said Willie.

"That," said his mother, "was because your conscience was whispering to you; I think it was telling you something like this: "*You* are sullen sometimes, Willie Dean! you don't try to look pleasant when you cannot do as you would like best. That is unkind of you! unkind to your mother, and sister, and every one around you!"

"I never thought of it before," said Willie, "I will try to do better, mother, in future, indeed, I will try very hard."

"I hope you will," said Mrs. Dean. "Nothing would give me more pleasure than to see my little boy overcoming the bad habit of pouting and looking unpleasantly! If it is unkind to look sullen, it is *more* than kind to look cheerful and happy, for 'a merry heart doeth good like a medicine.'"

"I will remember," said Willie. "Be kind, shall be my motto as well as Katie's."

"Willie, we did get some good from the sermon, didn't we?" said Katie.

"Yes," replied Willie, "I don't think I shall want to stay away from church again."

"Nor I, either," said Katie.

"In future," said their mother, "we will talk about the sermon after service, as we have done to-day. When you write more readily, it will be an excellent plan for you both to have books in which to write the text and what you can remember of the sermon, expressing the latter in your own words."

"I should like that, shouldn't you, Willie?" said Katie.

"I think I should, very much," answered he.

"It is a very improving exercise for the mind," said Mrs. Dean. "Your grandfather commenced doing so in early youth, and continued the practice as long as he was able to go to church."

H. H. D.

Lottie and Ashton.

Lottie went into the dining-room and found the closet door open. "I thought to be sure I shut this door," said Lottie; for she was a child who knew when to shut doors, which is rather a rare accomplishment for children. Hardly any child knows when to shut doors. She went to the closet. "No, no!" There was her little brother up in a high chair, playing with the salt-cellars.

The salt-cellars were small glass cups in silver stands. The cups could be taken out and

washed; exactly what Lottie did that morning, and Ashton saw her. He then wanted to have one in his own hand, but careful Lottie was not willing to trust him. Things have a queer way of slipping from little boys' fingers, you know; so Lottie thought it was the safest way to put them back on the shelf, and shut the closet door as quick as possible. Oh, how sorry Ashton was to see them go!

To divert the little boy's mind, she asked him to go and feed the old cat and her two black kittens.

"Do you think they want something to eat?" asked Ashton.

"You might run and ask them," said Lottie.

"I might," he said, casting a longing look at the closet door. "You come too, Lottie."

Lottie could not that minute; so he went alone, and found the old cat and one of the black kittens *gone*. What a hunt he and Bridget had to find, not the old cat, for she could take care of herself, but the black kitty, which they did at last behind a barrel, among the spiders' webs; nor could she or anybody tell how or why she came there.

But this strange freak of the black kitty did not long divert Ashton's mind from the salt-cellars. He wanted to have one of the glass cups in his own hand. Would it not do for a *boat*, and would he not like to try to sail it in the water pail? Oh, dear, how it *would* come into his mind! Perhaps he did not try very hard to keep it out. Forbidden things ought to be kept out of mind as well as out of sight.

So pretty soon Ashton was back in the dining-room; and pretty soon he was where Lottie caught him, with his little mind so busy with its thoughts, he never heard Lottie till her face poked itself into the closet close behind him.

Lottie did not speak roughly or sharply, nor scare him by a loud tone. He turned suddenly round and saw her. Oh, dear, how his eyes snapped! "I just thought, Lottie," he began, catching his breath; "I—I—I"—letting the salt-cellars go, and climbing down as quick as a squirrel.

"What a little mischievous cur!" cried Bridget, who had business at the closet this moment.

"You shan't call me names," cried Ashton, tramping off; "I only"—

"You only wanted to examine the salt-cellars," said Lottie, gently.

"And see if they would make a boat," added Aston, stopping and looking back; "only to see, you know, Lottie."

"And will they?" asked Lottie.

"If I *could* only see; I want to so awfully," said the little boy wistfully.

Lottie took the empty salt-cellar and put it into the water-pail, where Ashton whirled it round and round. "Not much, Lottie; not much, Lottie. I had rather have a boat truly;" and quite satisfied with the experiment, he gave it back to his sister. He meant no mischief; it was only the little busy brain working out its new ideas in the little world within his reach.

We are apt to forget how active a child's mind is; how it is discovering, and measuring, and sighting, and weighing every thing around it,—getting acquainted by sight, touch, and experiment, with the queer world into which it is born.

And a great deal which is called mischief, and is thought to be done for mischief's sake, is simply this and nothing more,—learning how to handle and to use the things which are all about us. And if it is oftentimes foolishly and awkwardly done by poor little unused hands, we must teach rather than blame, and be patient and gentle with minds astir, not with evil, but with inquiry.

I do not know whether Lottie thought of all this, but she was very considerate with her little brother; and when they turned from the water-pail, Ashton griped her gown with both hands, and said, "I love you, Lottie, I do."

Child's Paper.

Two Little Kittens.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight.
One had a mouse; the other had none;
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse!" said the bigger cat,
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that!"
"I'll have that mouse," said the elder son,
"You shan't have that mouse!" said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When the two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping-broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

For the Myrtle,

Good Morning.

"Good morning, world!" On the window seat
She balanced her two little timid feet;
She clung with her dimpled hands, and stood
Framed in like a picture of babyhood.
The clambering vines hung low and green
Round the sunniest curls that e'er were seen,
As she stood with beauty and light empearled,
And bade good morning to all the world.

"Good morning, world!" and the great world heard;
Each rustling tree and each singing bird.
The dancing flowers and the fields of grass
Nodded and waved at the little lass;
And the far-off hills and the sky o'erhead
Listened and beamed as the word was said;
And the old sun lifted his head and smiled;
"Good morning, world!" "Good morning, child!"

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

The Pastor's Welcome

"WHAT shall we do to welcome our new pastor?" This was whispered from class to class of the Sunday School.

The new pastor and his wife were coming from a long distance, and were obliged to break up their former home and bring very little with them. And the society had purchased a pretty parsonage, and fitted it up all ready to live in as their gift of welcome to their new leader. But the Sunday School wished in some way to express its own separate welcome. So the question went from lip to lip, and no one could think just how to do it.

They held a meeting and considered it. First, they thought they would have a reception for them in the vestry. But they knew that would not do for the first evening, the pastor and his wife would be so tired. Then they hit upon a better plan. They would warm and light the pastor's new house and trim it with flowers, and set the table in the dining-room, and welcome the pastor and wife to their own home, and go away and leave them to enjoy it.

Wasn't that a happy time! All the day before they were busy trimming the house from top to bottom. Flowers everywhere, and green vines and pretty wreaths that made the walls look as if they had blossomed out. Then while a few of the older members looked out for the tables the children went home to dress for the evening.

The rarest of the flowers had been made into a beautiful bouquet, to present to the minister on his arrival at the door. And who do you imagine was chosen to perform this pretty office? Not the prettiest girl in the school; not the one who would wear the most costly and handsome clothing; not the one who would speak best, or be most graceful, or be least embarrassed, or make on the whole the best appearance; but the one who had the most perfect record for the year!

Effie Dean was, to be sure, a pretty girl, pleasing and modest, and she was very happy to be so honored; so she went home to dress with a beating heart. She had no silk suit and pretty jewels as many of the girls would have, but she had a fresh white dress with pretty pink ribbons to set it off quite as much as jewels would have done. And when she was all dressed, with her hair floating over her shoulders, she needed no other ornament.

By six o'clock they were all assembled, and when the carriage drove up, and the minister and his wife alighted, what was their surprise to find themselves at their own instead of a friend's house, with every window lighted, and the door open to receive them. They could get no farther than the hall, for there they met sweet Effie Dean with her bouquet and words of welcome; and behind her followed all the lasses and lads, who passed from one room to the other pausing and shaking hands as they went by.

In the parlors they met the elder friends, and after a pleasant welcome by all, and they were

allowed to rest and make ready, they all repaired to the dining-room, or as near it as possible, and partook of the fine collation there spread. They had the pleasantest time in the world, so said the delighted pastor and his wife and all.

And then the children went home, and left their flowers and gifts to bid them welcome anew.

Beautiful Allegory.

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said:

"What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to the ground to die!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf:

"Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on nestling and singing. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said:

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautlful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:

"O branch, why are you lead colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

The Child's Creed.

I MUST not lie, but speak with cautious tongue;
God hears each word that little children say:
Like pearls upon a string of gold, are hung
All gentle things we utter, day by day.

I must not fight: these skilful, busy hands
Were meant to touch with silken, soft caress;
To lead the weak, to work when toil demands,
Nor curse with smiting what God meant to bless.

I must not steal whate'er my neighbors own,
Or small, or mean, or worthless unto them;
For God will see from his eternal throne;
If but a flower I take he marks the stem.

I must not hate—for hate is deadly sin—
Even my enemy, though he hated me;
God's golden gates I cannot enter in,
If in my soul one thought of hate there be.

But I must love; love is the morning star
That ushers in the day; love, like the sun,
Scatters its constant blessings near and far;
It tells of heaven; 'tis heaven on earth begun.

And I must pray; my little heart must rise
Quick as a thought can send it, unto heaven;
Straight as the lark goes singing to the skies,
So must my soul's best powers to God be given.

And I must try, when wicked tempters come,
To keep each evil thing beneath my feet;
Just as a little tired child goes home,
Nor stops for all the rude charms of the street.

For am I not a soldier of the Lord?
Young it is true, but old enough to be
Christian in truth, in deed, in thought, in word;
Like Him who gave his precious life for me.

Youth's Companion.

Keep on Praying.

"Do you think," I asked, "that the Lord will let me see, in this life, the salvation of the souls for whom I pray?"

"I can not say as to that. When I was a child in the Sabbath School in the old country," she continued, "my faithful teacher used to say, 'I have prayed too much for my class for one of them to be lost.' I was a thoughtless girl at the time, and remember wondering at it, and thinking it a very self-confident remark—she was so sure. 'I shall have them all,' she would say. 'I shall say to Christ, at last, Here am I and the class thou hast given me.'"

"And were they all converted?" I asked.

"Yes. She did not live to see it; but my eyes have seen it—the last of the sixteen gathered into the fold."—*Witnessing for Jesus.*

WHEN WE meet in heaven we shall see how little we knew about it on earth.

Our Sunday Schools.

CHICAGO.

Our Sunday School children everywhere, have been doing nobly for the Chicago sufferers. At Roxbury, the children added $67.00 to the previous contribution of one thousand taken up in the church. At Malden, the Superintendent told the children, the Sabbath after the fire, that the next Sunday their penny collection would be sent to the children of Dr. Ryder's Sunday School. It was a pleasing sight to see the bills held out at full size in both little plump hands of many of the little ones, as they saw the contribution box coming, and the grand air with which the money was put in for the children of dear St. Paul's.

The next morning a check was sent to Dr. Ryder accompanied by the following letter:

OCT. 23d, 1871.

Rev. W. H. Ryder, Chicago, Ill.: — Dear Sir, Please find in the inclosed draft for one hundred dollars, the amount of a contribution taken up in the Sabbath School of the First Universalist Parish of Malden, Oct. 22d, in behalf of your Sabbath School. The same to be distributed as your good judgment may dictate for their benefit. Like the widow's mite, it is small, still we hope it may help to relax the distressing cord which has been tightened around you by the awful scourge of fire. Coming as it does from the hearts of little ones big with sympathy for your great affliction, and the scattered lambs of your fold, now mourning for the desolation of their Sabbath home, we trust though small, it will be appreciated.

Yours Truly,
P. M YALE, *Treas.*

The children of St. Paul's will soon have another Sabbath home. For their pastor is even now in the East, and has already received twenty-five thousand dollars in free gifts towards that noble work. May the Sunday School children all join their mite, not only to relieve the suffering but to rebuild the waste places of Zion.

The Universalist Sunday School in Wakefield contributed $51.50 for the Chicago sufferers. Most of the members had previously contributed generously with the town for the same purpose.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The "Sunday School Union" of this city and vicinity held its annual meeting on the evening of Oct. 26. From the report of the treasurer of the trustees, Mr. H. B Metcalf, it appears that the Union has over six thousand dollars invested in a permanent fund, the income of which goes to the benefit of the Union. Last year the money in hand for use was about eight hundred and fifty dollars. Over four hundred was expended for a course of Sunday evening lectures and nearly two hundred and fifty for the children's meeting in May. The secretary's report showed an increase of numbers and interest in the Union, shown by the large increase in attendance. One of the by-laws requests all teachers within the limits of the Union to contribute one dollar a year. If this was faithfully done it would have much greater facilities for doing good. The following are the officers for 1872:

President, William P. Gannett; Vice Presidents, Charles Williams, Jr, Miss Georgie S. Pitman, Charles Booth; Secretary, Mrs. H. A. Bingham; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. M. Lull; Corresponding Secretary, Daniel B. Spear; Treasurer, Robert Bacon; Librarian, E. A. D. Smith; Trustees, Henry B. Metcalf, William H. Hollis, Hiram A. Bowles, James D. Perkins.

Jesus a Fountain.

When a city is to be supplied with water, a fountain or reservoir large enough for the supply must be sought, on high lands, that the water will flow out from it to all who live in the city; and all who will obtain a connection with the fountain, may have the water flowing directly into their homes. Christ is a spiritual fountain, and this fountain is situated so high "on the fair heavenly hills," that water can flow from it to every inhabitant of the earth. But if we will obtain the living water from him, we must open our hearts to him by prayer and faith. We must give ourselves up to his service. We must have willing and receptive souls. Then the waters of truth will flow in upon us. They will be in us, "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." This is what Jesus told the woman of Samaria who met him at Jacob's well. May we all draw from this heavenly fountain, Christ Jesus. "Whoso drinketh of this water shall never thirst." Whenever you think of the great water works of a city, sending the streams from the fountain to the people far and near, think of Jesus that heavenly fountain, sending out supplies of grace for all who seek them.

A Friend of the Children Gone.

So we may truly say of the death of Mrs. E. H. C. Culver, of East Boston, the daughter of Rev. Sylvanus and Mrs. E. H. Cobb. Many of the readers of the MYRTLE are familiar with the name of "Haley May," signed to charming stories and poems in this paper and in the children's department of the Christian Freeman, which was prepared by Mrs. Culver for several years. Afterwards she edited a child's paper of her own, "The Little Crusader."

But for the past two or three years the familiar name has greeted the children's eyes less often. For she who made it dear has been very sick, many times near death's door; and at length, on the 29th of September the good Father took her to Himself, to the Heaven of which she so loved to write.

Her life, though so early ended, was full of beauty and usefulness, and her memory will be blessed in all hearts.

Have Love.

Have love for what? Not for sin; not for that which will cause you to sin, no matter how alluring to you or how pleasant for a time it may seem. But have love for truth, for the right, the virtuous, the just.

Have love for God, for he is the most lovable being in the universe. Love him because he first loved you—first loved all men. Love your fellow-creatures, because they are all the objects of God's love, and because in loving them you will make yourself better and happier than you could ever be without the exercise of such love.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Wonderfully Made.

The Psalmist speaking of himself, says, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Man is the most perfect piece of mechanism with which we are acquainted. Thousands of years have rolled away, carrying off the inventive genius of each successive generation, and yet no one has ever succeeded in getting a patent for a single improvement in the construction of the human body.

We hear of artificial limbs made to help poor mortals who have lost some one or more of the limbs which God made them at first. A friend of ours is the inventor of the most admirable artificial leg and arm that has ever been used. But these are imitations of nature, as nearly as they can be. They are not improvements upon nature. All God's children have to copy from him.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXI.

THE UNJUST SERVANT.

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

SCRIPTURE,—Matt. xviii. 21–35. Luke xvii. 3, 4.

Question. — What inquiry did Jesus make of the Master?

Answer. — Matt. xviii. 21.

NOTE. The Jewish doctors taught that only three offences were to be forgiven. In this question, Peter exceeds the requirement of the doctors, and supposes he is asking the most magnanimous treatment of sinners.

Q. — What did Jesus reply?

A. — Matt. xvii. 22.

NOTE. The Saviour teaches that there must be no limit to forgiveness.

Q. — By what parable did he illustrate his teaching?

A. — Matt. xviii. 23.

NOTE. These servants were persons who ruled large provinces or smaller kingdoms which were a part of the king's realm.

Q. — How great was the debt of the first servant who was brought to him?

A. — Matt. xviii. 24.

NOTE. Ten thousand talents of silver would be equal to $15,000,000.

Q. —As the servant could not pay this large sum, what did the king do?

A. — Matt. xviii. 25.

NOTE. The selling of men and women for debt was permitted by the law of Moses. Lev. xxv. 39–46. But Jews could be kept in slavery only until the return of the seventh year. Ex. xxi. 1–11

Q. — What did the servant humbly beseech?

A. — Matt. xviii. 26.

Q. — Did the king grant his request?

A. — Matt. xviii. 27.

Q. — What did this forgiven servant do a lower one who was indebted to him?

A. — Matt. xviii. 28.

NOTE. A hundred pence was equal to $14.

Q. — Did this servant beseech for the same favor which the king had shown to his violent persecutor?

A. — Matt. xviii. 29.

Q. — Did this superior servant propose to sell him into slavery, from which he would be free upon the returning seventh year, or did he do a worse thing?

A. — Matt. xviii. 30.

Q. — What did the king do to this servant when he heard of his cruelty?

A. — Matt. xviii. 32–34.

NOLE. Persons who were imprisoned for debt were frequently cruelly treated to induce them or their friends to pay the debt. Sometimes they were almost starved. Sometimes heavy chains were placed upon them. The jailor was the instrument of those who were seeking to collect debts.

Q. — Will God forgive us unless we forgive men?

A. — Matt. xviii. 35.

We should at all times remember that our indebtedness to God—an indebtedness which we cannot pay—is far greater than any obligation of men to us, that we may be merciful to fellow-men.

Enigma No. 1.

I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 5, 10, 9, is a girl's name.
My 9, 16, 13, is a small venomous serpent.
My 1, 12, 2, 4, is to cloy.
My 12 11, 13, is to cut short.
My 8, 11, 13, is to dip in liquor.
My 6, 5, 7, 12, 4, is a place to keep money.
My 9, 12, 13, 3, is a range of mountains.
My 10, 7, 12, 12, is to blunt.
My 14, 15. 1, is a close embrace.
My whole is the name of a brave defender of the Protestant religion, who sealed his devotion with his blood.

Christian Union.

Answers.

Nov. 4. October.

Vashti; Esther; Naaman; Gehazi; Elisha: Abel; Nebuchadnezzar: Cyrus; Endor. Vengeance.

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